

PSG35
29 5779

JO LANE, THE SPY;

—OR—

THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

A NEW MILITARY ALLEGORY IN FOUR ACTS AND
ACCOMPANYING TABLEAUX.

Arranged from Incidents of the Late War.

BY COMRADE JOEL STAFFORD.

INDIANAPOLIS:
CARLON & HOLLENBECK, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1886.



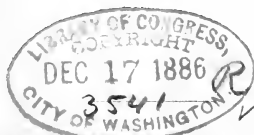
JO LANE, THE SPY;

—OR—

THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

A NEW MILITARY ALLEGORY IN FOUR ACTS AND
ACCOMPANYING TABLEAUX.

Arranged from Incidents of the Late War.



BY COMRADE JOEL STAFFORD.

Copyright, 1886, By Joel Stafford.

INDIANAPOLIS:

CARLON & HOLLENBECK, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1886.

PS635
.Z9 S779

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CAST.

HARRY GRAY.....	A loyal man..
TOM JOHNSON.....	Cousin of Harry Gray, and a Rebel sympathizer.
SQUIRE HUNTER.....	Merchant of Chicago.
JO LANE.....	The Spy.
JOHN HAINES.....	Rebel sympathizer.
BILL ALLEN.....	First Crook..
JIM SYKES.....	Second Crook..
NED HALL, } FRED HALL, }	Private soldiers and brothers.
MARK WILLIAMS.....	Private soldier.
TOM JONES.....	Private soldier.
HAM.....	Colored cook.
FATTY SMITH.....	Private, afterward Sergeant.
JENNIE HOWARD.....	Goddess of Liberty.
ALICE HUNTER.....	Daughter of Squire Hunter.
MRS. HUNTER.....	Squire Hunter's wife.
MAUD LANE.....	Wife of Jo Lane.
JULIA LANE, } TOMY LANE, }	Children of Jo Lane.
MARY HALL, } SADIE HALL, }	Sisters of Ned and Fred Hall.
JO BOWERS.....	Policeman.
GEN. ROSECRANS.....	Commanding Union forces.
CHIEF OF STAFF.....	
CAPTAIN.....	Commanding Co. D of Regiment.
MAJ. GEN. THOMAS.....	
MAJ. GEN. MCCOOK.....	

CONFEDERATES.

GEN. BRAGG.....	Commanding Rebel forces.
CHIEF OF STAFF.....	
MAJ. GEN. BRECKENRIDGE..	
MAJ. GEN. POLK.....	
CAPTAIN.....	Commanding Co. B.
MISS POLK.....	
Accessions to Tableaux, Citizens, Sisters of Charity, and Troops.	

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
LOOKOUT POST, No. 133, G. A. R.
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA.

JO LANE, THE SPY;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

ACT I.—SCENE FIRST.

Room in the late residence of Howard Payne, in Chicago.

Harry Gray—Two weeks ago this day my dear old uncle, Howard Payne, was buried. Since the death of my parents he has been both to me, and this splendid mansion no longer seems like home.

Tom Johnson—And yet you forget your good fortune. Your uncle's will was opened and read to-day, and by its terms you are made his sole heir. Why, man, you are worth half a million, while not a penny is left to me.

Harry G—You forget that the will provides that at my death this house and one-half in value of all the real estate of which he died the owner, goes to you. Nor did our uncle think less of you than me; he knew you were already amply provided for.

Tom J—Well, I suppose you will soon be married to Squire Hunter's lovely daughter? By Jove, she is a lovely girl!

Harry G—As to being a lovely girl, you are right; handsome and graceful in every movement. As to marrying her, while I have spent many happy hours in her society no word on that subject has ever passed, and I have scarcely thought of woman since the death of my uncle.

Tom J—Well, come, old fellow, don't look so sad. I have a mind to dine at the club to-night. Come and join me and throw off a little of that sad look; we can not always wear mourning faces for our dead friends.

Harry G—As I am quite lonely, I will join you.

Tom J—Spoken like a man; come, let's be off. (Exit.)

SCENE SECOND.

Room in Squire Hunter's dwelling.

Alice Hunter—Father, what does all this talk, by Southern men and papers, about dissolving the Union, mean?

Squire Hunter—It means, I fear, that we are to have war, with all its horrid consequences; that the South intends to control this government and push the accursed institution of slavery into all our beautiful territories. Failing in this, they will rebel against the government and try to destroy it. But, by the heavens above, there are too many loyal hearts in the North that love the old flag and the Union! They can not accomplish their base designs. They have already destroyed Fort Sumpter, and doubtless mean the worst.

Alice H—Heaven forbid that we should be afflicted with the horrors of war in this, our beloved land.

Squire H—Well, mother, you and Alice, I hope, will enjoy yourselves for an hour while I go to the Club and hear the latest news.

Alice H—Father, you will not have to be a soldier if there should be war?

Squire H—Oh, no, my child! I am too old. It will fall to the lot of such brave young men as Harry Gray and Tom Johnson.

Alice H—What! Harry Gray and Tom Johnson! Will our near and dear relatives have to go? Then heaven help us and avert this terrible calamity.

Squire H—God grant that it may not come; but, if it does, all who go will be somebody's near and dear friend. But come; cheer up and hope for the best. I'm off for the Club. Don't sit up for me if I should be late.

SCENE THIRD.

Club Room. Squire Hunter, Jo Lane, Harry Gray and Tom Johnson seated at a table. Others seated and lounging about.

News Boy—Chicago Evening Journal! The President's proclamation calling for 75,000 troops!

[All rising. "Give me a paper," "and me;" "here, too, etc."]

Harry G—(reads aloud)—"The President calls for 75,000 troops to suppress the rebellion! The Southern States seceding and the South wild with excitement! The North rapidly organizing to crush out the wicked rebellion! Great excitement in all the large cities and throughout the country! Thirty thousand troops already enlisted! Men offering to enlist faster than they can be provided for!"

Squire H—The cowardly traitors! Will they dare to carry out their threats of disunion and, for the sake of this accursed institution of slavery, drench our fair land in blood and in fraternal strife? If they do attempt this, the liberty-loving North will stand as one man for the old flag and the Union! No foreign foe nor internal strife shall rend this nation in fragments and cause it to fall in ruin and decay.

Tom J—Do not be too sure; you do not know the kind of stuff these Southern men are made of. They own their slaves as honestly as you, Squire Hunter, own your property, and have as much right to the protection of the laws of the government as you have. And right well you know that the Abolitionists of the North have been stealing their property and inducing their slaves to run off, and doing all they could to excite insurrection among them; and the North, instead of stopping this Back Abolition sentiment, is doing all it can to promote it. Besides, these men of the South have been trained to the use of arms from boyhood, and will be fighting on their own ground and for their homes and firesides. As for me, I think the North had much better let them go in peace. For one, I will never stain my hands in blood to free a lot of niggers.

Harry G—Well, my fair cousin, I was not aware you harbored any such unwise and disloyal sentiments toward the best government on earth; one that stands out among the nations of the earth for goodness, for greatness, for civil and religious liberty absolutely without a peer; one that our fathers sought to establish upon an enduring basis, and, in doing so, gleaned the pure gold of political wisdom from past experience. They looked upon the fallen and ruined kingdoms of the past, adopted such of their laws and rules as were good, and left out such as they deemed the cause of their destruction. Besides, our glorious nation, with its Stars and Stripes, is the beacon-light of the world, to which the oppressed of every land are looking for help in the great future; and if this wicked rebellion is allowed to succeed, Liberty for the great mass of humanity will be crushed and lie buried for ages to come! No, no! This unholy rebellion must not

succeed, and so far as I am concerned, my heart and my hands are at the service of my country. I shall enlist a company at once and offer my services to preserve the flag and this grand old Union, one and undivided!

Tom J.—Harry Gray, if you throw yourself away in this Black Abolition war you're a fool, and I hope you will be shot and killed in the first engagement.

Harry G.—Your words prove to me that you are a traitor at heart, and not worthy to be a citizen of this grand Republic. Nor can a man holding such sentiments, though related to me by the ties of kindred, longer be my friend. I denounce you as a coward! Our roads from this on lie far apart.

Tom J.—(rising hastily, others rising soon after)—Harry Gray, those are hard words, not those of a gentleman; and were it not for our former long friendship and kindred, I would fell you to the earth as I would a dog! As it is, remember we part as bitter enemies, and I will yet make you repent the day you so grossly insulted Tom Johnson.

Harry G.—Do your worst; I fear you not!

Jo Lane—By Jove! young Gray speaks like a hero already, and I must say that I endorse every word he says. I for one will enlist in this war, and if the boys of the North are made of the metal I think they are, we will show them whether one Southern man can whip five Yankees! What say you, boys!

(Several say "We will stand by you.")

John Haines—You are all a pack of fools, and don't know what you're talking about. The North can never subdue the South! besides it would not be right, and if you boys go South for any such purpose I hope you will all be buried there. Who's with me?

(Three or four say "We are." Loyal boys rush on rebel sympathizers and push them out of the room.)

Squire H.—Harry Gray, allow me to thank you for the bold and loyal words uttered by you. I am too old to enter the service of my country, or you would find me on the field of battle side by side with you. As it is, you will find my heart and purse with you until every rebel lays down his arms, and may a just God protect you in dangers seen and unseen.

Harry G.—Well, boys, let's be off and be among the first to enlist. (Exit.)

SCENE FOURTH.

(Room in Squire Hunter's house. Alice Hunter seated on sofa and reading paper.)

Alice H.—Oh, my! the thought just drives me mad! I know that Harry Gray will go to the front and be killed. (Knock at door; Alice opens door; enter Harry G.) Oh, Harry, how glad I am to see you! The news from the South is just dreadful, isn't it?

Harry G.—Indeed it is alarming, and must be bravely met by every loyal heart in the North.

Alice H.—Harry, I hope you will not consider it your duty to go?

Harry G.—Alice, I have come to speak to you seriously of that which I hope concerns us both, now and hereafter. I am quite sure your heart and eyes have told you long ago that which mine were not able to conceal from one possessing so much worth and loveliness. That I love you devotedly and honorably you must have known long ago, and now certain events have caused me to speak out, perhaps sooner than I should. I do deem it my duty to give my service to my country, and I could not leave without knowing my fate with you. If your love, pure and free, is mine,

on every tented field and in the raging battle I can brave all for my country and for your sake.

Alice H.—Your good judgment and keen instinct doubtless has told you long ago what my heart could not conceal. But, alas! in this, our first joyous confession, must this cruel war step in between us?

Harry G.—Since we know each other's heart, on bended knee I promise you my faithful love until death; and if I should fall on Southern soil I will meet you in heaven, and may God's richest blessings rest with you while I am gone.

Alice H.—Surely, you have not already decided to go?

Harry G.—Yes; I have a Colonel's commission, and will soon be on the tented field.

Alice H.—You are right! I would rather die at once than marry the proudest and grandest General, if he wanted to have me before he helped to save his country! Yes, Harry, dearly as I love you, I'd rather hold you dead in my arms upon the battle-field; yes, and die with you there, than have you stay at home like that cowardly Tom Johnson!

Harry G.—God bless you for those dear words, and may the God of heaven bless and protect you! (Exit.)

SCENE FIFTH.

(Patty Smith with green squad.)

SCENE SIXTH.

(Presentation of colors to rebel regiment in public hall, Chattanooga.)

Miss Polk—Col. Vance, the ladies of Chattanooga take great pleasure in presenting to your regiment this beautiful banner, believing that you will not let it falter in the face of our Yankee foes.

Col. Vance—Miss Polk, in behalf of my regiment I accept your banner, and I can say without boasting that this banner shall never falter in the face of our cowardly Yankee foes, who are coming here for booty and beauty. Each soldier in my regiment will be able to whip five Northern Yankees! All who endorse these sentiments give three cheers for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy!

(Cheers given—hip, hip, hip, hurrah—three times)

SCENE SEVENTH.

(Public hall in Chicago. Col. Gray marches all Union soldiers on stage. Presentation of Union colors.)

Alice H.—Col. Gray, the ladies of Chicago take great pleasure in presenting to your Regiment this emblem of our beloved country, fully relying on your valor and ability to protect it in the face of a traitorous foe.

Col. G.—On behalf of my regiment I accept your patriotic offering, and I am sure it will in due time return soiled, worn and threadbare it may be, yet not dishonored! What say you, my brave boys in blue?

Privates—We say all hail the Star Spangled Banner, and we will lay down our lives rather than see it dishonored.

(Tableau—Goddess of Liberty, &c. Citizens and soldiers weeping.)

ACT II.—SCENE FIRST.

(Time, night. Field near Stone River. Troops asleep. Sentinels on guard. Col. Gray writing a letter.)

Col. G.—Oh, Alice! how I long to spend one sweet hour with you! No, Alice, I will not needlessly expose myself. It is late, I must sleep. (Sleeps.)

(Music. Tableau, Alice at home. Col. G. awakens.)

I have been asleep, and such a pleasant dream of home and Alice! Would to God I could realize that dream in very truth! (Sleeps again.)

(Grand rounds. Stage gradually lights up. Reveille by bugle. Roll call, breakfast, camp scenes, &c. Jo Lane finds a darkey near camp.)

Jo Lane—Here! you nigger! Show your pass or I'll shoot you! (Lev-els gun at him.)

Ham—(jumping up frightened)—Oh, for de Lord! don't shoot, Massa Kunnel, don't shoot! I's got de pass all right! (Fumbles in pocket for pass.)

Jo L.—Advance and give the countersign or you're a dead nigger, sure!

Ham (slowly coming up)—Oh! for the Lord's sake, Massa Kunnel, don't fire de gun! I's a 'spectable nigga, I is! I 'longs to Massa Morgan. Is Ham; taken car' ob de farm. Bress de Lord! You'uns no Rebs!

Jo L.—Shut up, you barbarian, and come here! Are you going to join the boys in blue?

Ham—Fo' de Lord, Massa Yank, I isn't no poor trash nigga, I aint! But you'uns better git from dis yar place; dar's danger yarabouts!

Jo L.—Oh, we don't fear your rebs! You just get us something to eat. Can't you steal some chickens!

Ham—I's willing to do mos' anything, but den you knows a 'spectable nigga don't steal any chickens! You'uns ought to know dat! Yah! yah!

Jo L.—Look here, Ham, we've got no money to give you, but you go and forage a dozen chickens or we'll break every bone in your black body.

Ham—Yah! yah! 'Specs you mus' take dis chil' for a hoss soldier! No sah! 'Spectable darkey neber steals de chickens! I's above dat yar chicken business! I's in de turkey line, I is! How you like turkey gobbler, Massa Kunnel, fat turkey gobbler, sah?

Jo L.—You're just the man for a cook. Come along; you will go with us and cook for the Union boys.

Ham—Will I be free den?

Jo L.—You bet your life if you are a good boy.

Ham—Dem's my sentiments by all odds. I's do mos' anything for you'uns—steal gobbler for every white man in de Reg'ment.

Jo L.—Come along, then, and cook some breakfast.

(Play some prank on Ham.)

SCENE SECOND.

(Headquarters of the Union Army, near Stone River.)

Gen. Rosecrans—I hope the enemy will stand their ground that we may engage them soon in battle: I am getting tired of following them up. (To Aide.) Tell Generals McCook and Thomas that I desire to see them at once.

(Aide salutes and retires. The Generals arrive and salute.)

Gen. R.—Gentlemen, I have good reasons to believe that the enemy will stand for an engagement to-morrow at Stone River. I desire that commandants of divisions be ready to move at daylight in the morning and that the enemy be pressed hard in the center at first, and then close up with the right and left. Let no opportunity escape to press them to the wall.

(Generals salute and exit. Enter Captain of Co. D, with female prisoner.)

Gen. R.—Captain, who have you there?

Capt.—General, this woman was found within our lines, and from her appearance and conduct we believe her to be a spy from the camp of General Bragg.

Gen. R—You will search the prisoner.

Alice H—I am a lady from the North, and have traveled hundreds of miles through an enemy's land to see one that is dearer to me than life. Give me a chance and I will convince you that I speak the truth.

Gen. R—Guard her until morning and I will speak further with her.

(Exit Captain with Alice.)

Gen. R—Aide, tell Jo Lane I wish to see him immediately.

(Exit Aide and returns with Lane; both salute.)

Gen. R—Jo, I desire very much to know the number and disposition of General Bragg's forces before daylight, and need some one who is brave, discreet, and true as steel to our cause, willing to undertake the mission. I believe you to be that man. If you feel free to undertake this task I will give you full instructions.

Jo L—General, I am willing to undertake the mission, and will perform it fully if I can.

Gen. R—Then disguise yourself as a poor Southern man, well on in years; then return to my headquarters at once and I will give you full instructions. (Exit General and Jo.)

SCENE THIRD.

(Rebel headquarters near Stone River.)

Gen. Bragg—Aid, tell commandants of divisions to see that our outposts are well guarded and let no one pass without a regular pass from headquarters, as the Yankee hordes confront us and may give us battle soon. Tell commandants of divisions that I desire their presence at once.

(Exit C. of S. Commandants of divisions arrive and salute.)

Gen. B—Gentlemen, the spy I sent out has returned with full information as to the number of the enemy and their exact position; and with the further information that we will be attacked to-morrow morning. Gentlemen, I desire that you tell our soldiers that upon their valor and bravery depends the fate of our beloved Confederacy; that we fight for our homes and firesides, for our wives and children. Let these thoughts inspire them with fiery and unquenchable zeal. Do this, and let no Yankee dog return North to tell the story of their defeat.

Maj. Generals—General, never fear; our men will not fail us.

(Exit Maj. Generals. Enter Captain of Co. A, with old man.)

Gen. B—Captain, who have you there?

Capt—He is an old man we found wandering about inside our lines, near Stone River. He says that he is lost and is trying to find his way to Mrs. Roundtree's, who lives about four miles southwest of Murfreesboro.

Gen. B—Old man, where do you live, and what are you doing here?

Jo L—General, I lives about ten miles southeast of Nashville. My girl Sal got a letter from my sister Jane, sayin' as how my poar ole mother was mos' dead; and as she was allus a good mother to me I says to myself says I, Benjamin Roundtree, you had ought ter go and seed her onct moar if you wants ter do the far and squar thing. So I says to my Sal, I'll jest hitch up the old roan mar' to our cart, cut acrost the shortest way and seed her onct moar; an' what you think, Ginral, when I got 'bout ten mile of hyar them thar blasted Yankees jest stepped up to me an' toated me outen my cart an' said I could walk; an' durn me if they'uns didn't jest drive my roan an' cart outen sight an' and said as how I was a pesky

ole rebel an' for me to git or they would shoot me. Now, Ginral, wasn't that awful? But I'll git even with 'em yit. Wh'n I go home I'll git my son John to inlist an' fight agin 'em. He's a boy that'll do the far an' squar thing by you'uns, you bet.

Gen. B—Who do you know about here?

Jo L—Well, Ginral, I knows my mother, her name's Ellen Roundtree; an' I knows Ginral Bee; raised boys together.

Gen. B—Yes, but General Bee is ten miles from here with his command.

Jo L—Well, Ginral, I knowed Ginral Breckinridge's wife—raised together in Eastern Tennessee—a rail fine gal as ever lived, too. Say, Ginral, couldn't you'uns send a soldier man along'o me to show me the way to Murfreesboro? I'm in a great worry to seed my mother; 'feard she'll die afore I git thar. Say, Ginral, if you'uns come acrost ole roan an' the cart jest save 'em for me, won't you? Would lik' tarnal well ter ride back; can't walk much nohow.

Gen. B—Old man, you say you knew General Breckinridge's wife. His headquarters are near here; I will turn you over to him until morning. Captain take the old gent to General Breckinridge.

(The Captain takes Jo to Breckinridge's headquarters.)

Capt—General Breckinridge, here is an old man found within our lines who says he is acquainted with your wife, and Gen. Bragg orders that you take charge of him until morning. (Exit.)

Gen. Breck—(just through examining maps, plan of battle, etc., still lying on table)—Well, old man, you look like a true Southerner, loyal to our cause; take a seat. (Jo sits down.) So you were acquainted with my wife?

Jo L—(aside)—I have often heard my uncle speak her maiden name; she was raised about Knoxville, Tennessee. (To Gen. Breck)—Oh, yes; I was school d'rector when she kep' school near Knoxville. Knowed Susan Wallace? Reckon I did! My John and Sal both went ter school ter her thar. Lovely gal as ever trod shoeleather, she war.

Gen. Breck—Glad to see old friends of my wife. You can sleep in the tent with my orderly.

Jo L—Now, Ginral that's what I calls the far an' squar thing; but as I'm wanten to seed my poar ole mother 'fore mornin', I hopes you'uns 'll gin me er pass through the lines so's I won't be boddered no moar.

Gen. Breck—(writing pass)—Oh, yes; here's your pass.

Jo L—Well, now I considers that luck! As I was agoin' ter see my poar ole mother on her sick bed, I jest put some ginuwine ole peach brandy, ten year ole, inter my pocket. Take 't as er great favor, Ginral, ef you'll jest take one good squar drink outen this hyar bottle.

(General takes bottle and drinks.)

Jo L—(aside)—That's well drugged; he'll sleep soon. (To Gen.—I hopes you'd whale them thar tarnal Yankees like the very devil.

Gen. Breck—Yes, think so.

(Jo L steps out as though gone; waits a few minutes and then returns. General Breckinridge asleep. Jo takes maps, etc., and passes out.

SCENE FOURTH.

Reb—(on guard)—Halt! Who goes there?

Jo L—A friend with a pass.

Reb—Show your pass. (Jo shows pass.) All right; pass on.

SCENE FIFTH.

(General Rosecrans' headquarters.)

Gen. R.—(to Chief of Staff)—It is 4 o'clock; nearly daylight, and the spy Jo Lane not yet returned. I fear he has been taken.

Jo L.—(stepping up and saluting)—No, General, not taken. I am here, and these are the plans of battle, number and disposition of troops, etc., as prepared by General Bragg himself.

Gen. R.—(takes plans and looks at them)—Thanks, my brave man, these are just what I want. At some other time I will take great pleasure in hearing a detailed account of your adventure, and shall not forget to suitably reward you as you deserve.

SCENE SIXTH.

(Fatty Smith and Ham. Long roll; fall in quickly, etc. Union soldiers pass quickly across stage from R. 1 E. Reb soldiers pass quickly from L. 1 E.)

Gen. R.—(to Chief of Staff)—We will take our position on the left center, where we will have a good view of the battle. (Exit Gen. and Staff.)

(Music; drums; musketry. Battle commenced. Enter Gen. Bragg and Staff.)

Gen. B.—(to Chief of Staff)—They have broken our center and are fighting like mad devils! Tell General Breckinridge to reinforce General Polk, and hold the center at all hazards.

(Exit Gen. Bragg and Staff. Enter Gen. Rosecrans and Staff.)

Gen. R.—(to Chief of Staff)—Our boys are fighting in a just cause like heroes. The rebel center is broken. Tell Gen. McCook to press them hard and don't give an inch. Tell Gen. Thomas to hold his position at all hazards, and I will send him aid in a short time. Thank God! the day will be ours yet!

(Music; cheers and counter-cheers; battle raging furiously; final grand charge.)

ACT III.—SCENE FIRST.

(Time, night. Slow curtain. Music. Battle Field of Stone River, covered with dead and wounded of both sides, dismounted batteries, etc. Flag of truce. Sisters of Charity. Alice looking for Col. Gray. Ham looking for Jo Lane.)

Ham—Poo'Jo! I's mos' shore he's dun' killed! If he is, it will jes' 'bout kill dat wife an' sweet chilluns of his'n. I's seen dat wife an' chilluns when dey be down here. Dey was jes' as kin'an' good as dey could be, an' den dey jes' worship dat Jo. It'll kill 'em, shore. I's fin' him if I kin, shore's I's 'spectable nigga. I say, Cap'n, kin you tell me what's come ob poo' Massa Jo Lane?

Capt. Co. D—Yes. Poor Jo, after fighting all day like a hero, was wounded in that last bloody charge and taken prisoner by the infernal rebels.

Ham—Fo' de Lord! I hopes dat's better dan 'bein' killed! Why here's his pistol: one ob dem self cockers. I jes' keep dat for massa, shore!

(Soldiers groaning, calling for water, etc. Some with bloody clothing exhibited.)

Alice—Oh, heavens! I fear the worst! I know I shall soon behold him dead—dead—this is too bad! (She finds Harry lying on his back, wounded.) My God! my fears are true! He is dead! Harry! Harry! Speak to me! Don't you know me?

Harry G—Who speaks to me? Water! water!

(Alice procures water and raises up his head; he drinks, and then his head rests in her lap.)

Harry G—Thanks, kind friend. Who are you?

Alice--I am Alice, don't you know me ?

Harry G--What! my own dear Alice? So it is! Heaven be praised that I am permitted to behold your dear face once more! But how on earth did you come to be here so soon after this terrible battle?

Alice--Never mind that now. I am going to take you home with me and care for you until you get well.

Harry G--Tell me, have we won the day?

Alice--Oh, yes; the Rebels have fled and we have many prisoners. But alas! at what a fearful cost!

SCENE SECOND.

(Ham, with his newly found pistol, &c.)

SCENE THIRD.

(Room in Squire Hunter's dwelling.)

Alice--(reading)--How long will it be until this wicked rebellion is crushed out?

(Knock at door; Alice opens it; enter Tom Johnson; seated.)

Tom J--Alice, you must know that I have loved you dearly for years, and that I will make you my wife any day you will say the word.

Alice--Tom Johnson, I have no desire to marry any one at present, and if I had I would not marry a man who is too cowardly to go to the front and defend his country in her hour of danger! You have my answer.

Tom J--Alice, you do not speak the truth! The man is in this house that you intend to marry, and being cared for by you; a man that I hate as the devil hates holy water! And hear me now, that man never shall be your husband.

Alice--That is quite insult enough! There is the door!

Tom J--(going)--I will see you again.

SCENE FOURTH.

(Time, 8 P. M. Squire Hunter's dwelling. Col. Gray and Alice ready to be married.)

Squire H--In a few minutes my daughter will marry Col. Gray, and while it gives me pain to give her up, yet I am glad to know that she will wed a gentleman, and one who is loyal to his country.

(Enter Orderly, with dispatch for Col. Gray.)

Orderly--This is for Col. Gray.

Col. G--(takes dispatch and reads aloud)--"Col. Gray: Having just arrived in Chicago on important business, I wish to see you in person for a short time, immediately. Report at Palmer House, room 36. Yours, P. H. Sheridan, Maj. Gen." My dear friends, you see important business calls me away for a short time. You will have to excuse me long enough to call on the general. Alice, dear, I will be back soon.

Alice--Harry, be on your guard. You have at least one bitter enemy in this wicked city, and he can, for a little money, find bad men who would not hesitate to kill you. I have dark forebodings of evil.

Col. G--Never fear; I will be back soon. [Exit.]

SCENE FIFTH.

(Tom Johnson's room, Chicago. Enter two crooks.)

First Crook--Tom, we'uns is here. You wants some neat job done?

Tom J--Yes; I have a hated enemy and rival. I want him put out of my road and will pay well, if neatly done.

Second C—We'uns just what kin do it slick as a peeled onion, for cash down.

Tom J—Listen. You know Col. Harry Gray?

Crooks—Yes.

Tom J—He will pass up State street from the south about half past 8 to night. Just as he gets even with Old Mullen's place you seize him and take him to the back room in the old man's place; do not harm him. I will be there at 9 o'clock sharp, and give you further instructions. Here is \$100; if you do your part well this will be a paying job. I sent him a decoy letter purporting to come from Gen. Phil Sheridan. He will be sure to bite and be at the place named about the time I have said, on his way to see the General. Now, be off; it's quarter past 8. Look out for the Cops.

First C—All right, Tom. Never fear we'un when we has a fat job to do for a gentleman. [Exit.]

SCENE SIXTH.

(Lower end of State street.)

First C—It's cussed cold. I wish the Kunnel would hove in sight.

Second C—So does I. There he comes now! Stand close to the wall, in the shade.

(Crooks seize Harry and quickly draw him into Old Mullen's place. Enter Tom J.)

Tom J—This is Old Mullen's place, all quiet. I guess my men have got their work in all right.

Policemen—Hello, Tom, my fine fellow, what are you doing down here? What's your game? I saw Bill Allen and Jim Sykes prowling about here a short time ago, and seeing you here means something in the wind, hey?

Tom J—You know your business, don't you, hey?

(Policeman holds his hands behind his back, into which Tom puts money.)

Policeman—Fine night to be out. Good evening.

SCENE SEVENTH.

(Back room in Mullen's place. Crooks come in with Col. G struggling, and tie him to wall or post.)

Col. G—What foul fiend of hell has employed you to do this? What's your game? For heaven's sake release me from this horrible den, and I will give you ten times as much as the hound who employed you to do this foul deed! Oh, Alice! my angel! if I never come out of this alive it will kill you! Why, men! have you no hearts, no pity? In one short hour I was to wed one of the sweetest girls living? Have you no dear friends, mother, wife or children? Release me and I will give you plenty of gold that you may make them happy.

First C—We never lets a bird in the hand go for two in the bush. We's business, we is.

Col. G—Help! Murder! Thieves! Help! Help! Oh, God! is there no escape from this horrible fate? I see it all now! Tom Johnson is at the bottom of this! The order from General Sheridan was a forgery and I shall never see the light of day again! My God! my God! this is too horrible!

(Crooks retire to adjoining room.)

Alice! Alice! I would give worlds to see thy face once more before I die! This is the end of my hopes and ambition! My fate is sealed forever unless I can escape from here soon! Tom Johnson wants my prop-

erty and my Alice. My death would give to him all my wealth and, he hopes, my place in the heart of Alice. Alice is faithful, and if never more united on earth we shall be forever in heaven. Ho, help! Murder! Oh! if I could only break these cords!

(Jerks and jerks until the cords cut into the flesh.)

The cords cut my flesh, but will not yield! Oh, God! must I die here like a dog? Alice, pray for me!

(Enter Tom Johnson, in room with the Crooks.)

Tom J—My fine fellows, have you secured the brave, loyal young Colonel?

First C—In the next room, as secure as if this 'ere house was a settin' on him.

Tom J—That's right; any stir about it outside?

Second C—Nary stir; all quiet as the grave.

Tom J—All right, my hearties; and now for further business and more cash, eh? How does that strike you, you sons of Belzebub?

First C—Oh, all right, brother.

Tom J—Don't call me brother; I'm a gentleman.

First C—So you say; but we'll not quarrel with you so long as you pays us.

Col. G—Heaven help me! Tom is in the next room now negotiating with those bloodhounds. I will make one appeal to him. Tom Johnson, is this your fiendish work? I know right well it is! For the love of our mothers and kindred stop this dark deed before it is everlastingly too late! Remember our long friendship and our common kindred, who for centuries past have all been honorable and clear of any dark deeds of crime.

Tom J—Oh, ho! my fine fellow! You forget that you basely insulted me, and that you and your friends have branded me as a traitor and coward because I would not fight to free a lot of lazy niggers! Besides, you have supplanted me in the affections of Alice and would make her your wife, which I have sworn you shall never do! Oh no! When you are out of my road your wealth, which falls to me, will give me a respectable standing in society and an honorable place in the heart of the fine, proud lady Alice.

Col. G—Tom you lie! You're a dog! I dare you! You're a coward! Do your worst! I would not take life at any price from your base hands!

Tom J—(to Crooks)—I have already said that this man stands in my road to fortune and happiness. I will meet you here at midnight. If at that time you show me the dead body of Harry Gray in this room, I will give you \$500.

First C—It shall be done in a workmanlike manner. We's artists in that line, we is, and don't yer forgit!

(Exit Tom. Crooks enter Harry's room.)

First C—Now, Kunnel, we's not goin' to be hard on yer; we'll just give yer one minute to say yer prars, then we shoves yer off inter glory land.

Second C—Hopes yer won't mind it much.

(Harry prays. First Crook strikes him on head with club. Second Crook stabs him. Then they take him into another room, with bloody clothing exposed.)

First C—Now our work's done; let's go back inter Old Mullen's saloon and wait till midnight for Tom.

SCENE EIGHTH

(Time, midnight. Near Old Mullen's place.)

Alice H—I could not wait until morning to learn the fate of Harry! I have a good revolver in my hand and can protect myself. I know he is in great danger, if not already killed! Here is that abode of thieves and cut-throats, called Old Mullen's place. Oh! it makes me shudder to look at it! Ha! I thought so! There comes that evil man, Tom Johnson. He's at the bottom of Harry's trouble. I will shadow him and see if I cannot learn the fate of Harry.

(Tom enters Old Mullen's place. Alice goes to door at side entrance and looks through the key-hole.)

First C—(uncovering Harry)—The work is done; how does it suit yer?

Tom J—All right. One of you get a covered hack, put his body into it quickly and dump it into the lake. This will end Harry Gray's reign, while mine has just begun! Here's the cash; you'll find it's \$500. Good night. (Exit.)

First C—I'll git a hack at Moon's stable. I knows how ter helps myself, and will be back in fifteen minutes. Keep sharp look out. (Exit.)

Alice H—Oh, my God! it is true! My worst fears are realized! They have killed him and are going to hide his body in the lake! But, by the heavens above me! they shall not do it if I can help it! If I only had some one to help me! I wonder if the key to my room will unlock this door! I will try it! (Tries key in door.) Thank heaven, the door is open! I will enter alone!

(She enters where Second Crook is guarding body and shoots him; then kneels over Harry.)

Alice H—Harry! Harry! Speak to me! Are you dead? Are you badly hurt?

Col. G.—Alice! my guardian angel! In heaven's name are you here? Where are they?

Alice—Tom is gone. One has gone after a hack to take you to the lake and the other lies there, dead!

Col. G.—I hope I am not fatally hurt. I have been pretending that I was dead, hoping for some means of escape. Help me to rise up. (She helps him.)

Alice—Harry, we have not a moment to lose! The side door is open, let us escape through it. Once outside I will procure a carriage and take you home. (They escape.)

First C—(returns, finds Harry gone and his pal dead)—Here's a devil of a mix! Something wrong here, sure! I'll just see if pal's got any valuables, and then skip. (Goes through pockets and exit.)

SCENE NINTH.

(Time, night. Anderson prison. Prisoners lying around ragged, thin and sick.)

Jo Lane—(half crazy)—Where am I? I had a home once, wife and children? Oh, God! this horrible pain in my head won't let me think right! I sometimes dream of home, wife and children. We are again seated around the home circle, my wife by my side and my little boy and girl on my knees. Heaven help me, what has become of them? Where am I? I sometimes dream of good things to eat, and when I awaken I am so hungry! Oh, yes! I know now! I am a prisoner! They are going to starve me to death, inch by inch! Heaven help me! Can I never see

wife and children again? I am cold, hungry and sick! Would to God I could sleep the sleep that knows no waking! I will try.

(He sleeps and dreams. Tableau, home, wife and children.)

ACT IV. - SCENE FIRST.

(Old wooden building in Murfreesboro used as guard house. Mail day. Fatty Smith and others get letters from home. Ham plays pranks on Fatty.)

SCENE SECOND.

(Maud Lane and children at home.)

Maud Lane—How long, oh Lord! shall we suffer on account of this cruel war? True, my children and myself have enough to eat and our friends are kind to us; but when I think of the weary months and years we have been separated from Jo it seems to me I can't bear it much longer. Then, again, our suffering is nothing compared to his; and ever since I told our dear children about their papa being a prisoner, far from home, sick, cold and hungry, they have almost cried their eyes out, and gone to bed praying for him every night.

Julia—Mamma, can't we send our love to papa in a letter, or some way? It seems to me we must, or it will kill me!

Mrs. L—No, child, dear; no letter would be permitted to reach him by our cruel enemies.

Julia—Mamma, our spirits can travel in the air when we die, can't they?

Mrs. L—Yes, my child. Why?

Julia—I would like to die, that my spirit might go to dear papa.

(Mrs. Lane weeps.)

Julia—Do not weep, dear mamma; I would not stay long.

Mrs. L—This is too much! God pity our afflicted country! It's no use crying, however. We will make the best of it and pray to our Heavenly Father that this cruel war may soon be over, and our loved ones restored to us. Dear children, do not forget to pray for papa.

Julia—Oh, no, mamma! I pray for my papa every night before I go to bed.

Mrs. L—That's my own dear child. Now let us retire to bed. (Exit.)

SCENE THIRD.

(Squire Hunter's dwelling. Alice and Col. Gray, seated.)

Col. G—Alice, how can I ever repay your devotion and bravery in saving my life at Old Mullen's? I owe my life and all my future happiness to you.

Alice—Dear Harry, I do not wish you to feel under so much obligation to me; I only did my duty. You have many times before said quite enough in praise of my act in saving your life. I am happy in knowing that you are almost well again.

Col. G—Alice, I have just received an order from headquarters requiring me to join my regiment at once. I will therefore not be able to consummate our union before I go, but shall hold myself ready to marry you as soon as the rebellion is crushed out, and hope we will then spend the remainder of our days in happy union. As duty calls me suddenly away, I hope this arrangement will be satisfactory to you.

Alice—Yes, Harry; I am content to wait until you have done your duty by our country, and I shall not fear, now that Tom Johnson, to

escape criminal prosecution for attempting your life, has gone South and enlisted in the rebel army.

Col. G--That's my own brave girl. Now I must be off.

Alice--God bless and protect you, Harry. (Exit Harry.)

SCENE FOURTH.

(Andersonville prison. Prisoners, ragged, thin and sick. Capt. Wirz going about among prisoners.)

Capt. Wirz--Get up, you lazy cuss! (Kicks him; kicks others.) You Yankee dog, get out of my way.

Prisoners--Give us bread!

Capt. W--Bread! the devil! Get out of my way! Sergeant Tom Johnson, some of our prisoners have escaped lately, through a tunnel dug under the stockade; among them Col. Streight and that crazy fool Jo Lane. Now you see to it that no more prisoners escape. If they do there will be some Confederate prisoners shot, and don't you forget it! If any of these cursed Yankees get over the dead line, instruct the guard to shoot them down like Lincoln dogs, as they are! It is not the intention that these prisoners shall ever go away from here. Let them starve, inch by inch. Now you know your duty, do it! (Exit.)

Ned Hall--(to Sergeant Johnson)--Man, have you no feeling? We're starving! Bread! Bread! We're cold! We have no clothing fit for a dog to wear!

Tom J--Ha! Ha! You are not equal to a good dog!

Tomy Hall--Fiend of hell! It's no use; they intend to starve us to death! Oh! my sainted mother, would to God I could see thy dear face once more, feel thy tender touch on my feverish brow and get one more kiss from thy prayerful lips! Then I could die happy. But alas! that can never be, and I care not how soon death shall relieve me from this horrible suffering.

(Tomy crosses dead line and Tom Johnson shoots and kills him. Ned Hall sees the act and notes well who did it.)

Ned Hall--(kneeling over dead body of his brother)--Brother! Brother! Speak to me! Oh, heavens! he is dead! Mother! angel mother! if I should live to get home how can I tell her of this horrid deed! It will kill her! And now I swear on bended knee, if ever I meet the foul fiend who shot my brother, his life shall pay the penalty!

(Enter new prisoners.)

Tom J--(to Fatty S)--Come here; have you got anything I want? Give me that cap. Now I will take that coat. (Fatty declines.) Better give it up! What do you say, boys?

Prisoners--Yes; he'll shoot you if you don't.

Tom J--They know; have seen this done before. Now give me the money in your vest pockets. (Feels in pockets.) Tobacco! that's good; thank you. Money also, and a letter.

Fatty--Say, Cap, that's from my wife; you don't want that?

Tom J--Oh, I will give all of them back to you! (Fatty holds out hand for them.) Oh, no! not now; when you go home. You might lose them if I give them to you now. Say, Yank, make yourself at home; you will have a good time here. Nothing to do but to eat all you can get and dream of loved ones at home. Bye-bye.

Tom Jones--You will wish you had died before you came here. We have no shelter to protect us from the burning rays of the sun, nor clothing to keep us warm on damp, chilly nights; not one-fourth enough to

eat, and what we do get is not fit for a dog! And oh, such filthy water! All get sick before they have been here long, and hundreds die every day; two hundred dead carried out this morning! Oh! it's horrible! What is the prospect of the war ending, or this den being cleaned out?

Fatty—Our boys are gaining many victories, and you needn't be surprised if you hear the tramp of our boys about this infamous den soon. Yes, cheer up, boys; they will come soon.

Tom Jones—Poor Jo Lane! He was sick, ragged and starved almost to death, and wanted to see home, wife and children so bad! He went crazy, and escaped from here somehow.

Private Williams—Yes, and there's Ned Hall, so thin and poor you would not know him; he's almost crazy now, too. That fiend, Tom Johnson, shot and killed his brother Tomy to-day. Tomy was always so kind and good to all of us, and was cheerful, at times, in here. This cowardly act has driven Ned into a state of desperation. He will kill Tom Johnson sure, if he gets a chance. Here is Tomy's dead body. (Uncovers it.)

Fatty—Well, well, that's too bad; that's awful! Can it be possible?

Private Williams—When you have been here as long as we have you won't care whether you live or die!

(Music. Tramp, Tramp. Union soldiers capture prison and rebel guards.)

Capt. Co. D—Hurrah for the Union and the old flag! Col. Gray's regiment is here, commanded by the Colonel, sound and well again!

Ned Hall—Are we indeed free?

Capt. Co. D—Yes, free as the air you breathe! Don't you see the Union flag? And here comes Col. Gray, with the rebel guard prisoners. (Soldiers salute Col. G.)

Ned Hall—Yes! and there's that foul fiend of hell that shot and killed my brother! Captain, let me see your pistol. (Capt. hands it to him and Ned turns to Tom J.) You are the villain that shot and killed my brother without any cause! I took an oath then, if ever I met you a free man, I would make you pay the penalty!

Tom J—Do your worst! I do not care to live now!

(Ned shoots Tom, who, in falling, sees Col. Gray.)

Tom J—Col. Gray! You still alive? I hoped you were dead long ago!

Col. G—No thanks to you that I am not! But I am happy to say that I am not, and have a furlough for sixty days. I will soon see the Lady Alice again.

Tom J—Defeated at last! Curses on you all.

SCENE FIFTH.

(Room in 'Squire Hunter's dwelling. The family, Maud Lane and children and other friends of the family present. Harry and Alice just married.)

Col. G—At last we are happily united, I hope never to be parted again.

Alice—Yes, dear husband. I am proud of you, now that you have so honorably helped to save our common country. I know that God will bless our union.

(Mrs. Lane and children seated at L. C. Jo Lane enters at 1 R. E., ragged, careworn and demented.)

Col. G—(to servant)—What did you permit that man to enter here for?

Serv—Colonel, he slipped in without ringing.

Col. G—Man, what do you want here?

Jo L—Don't be hard on me. I am a poor soldier who once had some friends in this great city, but I have lost them. I have escaped from

prison, and have traveled many weary days and nights to get back to my home, my wife and children. I had a wife and two beautiful children; they were all the world to me! I have traveled weeks and months and from town to town, told my story to hundreds of people, but they can't tell me where my family is, or will not! They must be dead! Oh! this horrid pain in my head won't let me think right! Oh, yes! I am hungry! Won't you give me bread? They tried to starve me to death, and they would, but I slipped out through a hole one night.

Col. G—Poor man; I fear he has lost his reason.

Jo L—My wife was good and kind, and we had two children, sweet as ever lived, full of sunshine and brightness. Don't you know my wife and children? Yes, Maud Lane was a good wife to me.

Maud L—(rising quickly and coming forward)—What! Who says Maud Lane! I am Maud Lane! My God, that's Jo Lane, my husband! Jo! Jo! I am Maud, your wife! (Embraces him.) Don't you know me?

Jo L—Husband—husband—who says husband to me? I was a husband once, and had a dear wife and children; but I have not seen them for a long, long time. They must be dead, or run off. Everybody is afraid of me now.

Maud L—Jo! Jo! Don't you know me? I am your wife! Look at me!

Jo—(shaking his head)—Jo! Yes, Jo is my name; but how did you know it? I don't know you! I have not seen my wife and children for years. They must be dead! My wife and children were good, kind and loved me. They would not have left me so long in that horrid prison, sick, hungry and cold. No! no! They must be dead!

Maud L—Jo, this is our little Tomy and Julia. Don't you know them?

Jo—No! no! They're not my children! Bread! Bread! Man have you no heart? Give me bread! I am starving!

Col. G—Poor man; his mind is wandering.

Julia—Papa, I am your Julia; don't you know me? Dear papa, give me one kiss.

Jo—No, you are not my little Julia; but I will kiss you because you are pretty and kind, like my Julia. (Kisses her. All weep.)

Maud L—Oh, my God! this is too bad! What can be done to relieve his wandering mind? I have heard it said that singing a familiar song has caused a wandering mind to return.

Jul a—Mamma, sing that song you sung to papa so often before he went to the war. (Maud sings.)

Jo—(at end of first verse)—I have heard that before.

Jo—(end of second verse)—I know that voice!

Jo—(end of third verse)—There is a heavy cloud being lifted from my mind. Yes, it is! it is my wife, my Julia and my Tomy! Come to my arms! Oh, merciful heavens! can there yet be mercy for me? (Embraces wife and children.)

Maud L—Yes, dear Jo, this is the happiest moment of my life! We have suffered much, and hoped against hope for your coming. Now let us believe it is all over, and that the fullness of joy is ours in the future.

(Enter letter carrier.)

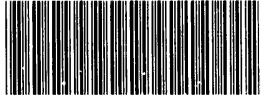
L. C—This is for Jo Lane.

Jo—(takes it and reads)—"Governor's office, State of Illinois. This certifies that Joseph Lane is commissioned Colonel of the ——— Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, for bravery as a spy and on the field as a soldier."

Col. G—Jo, I congratulate you on your good fortune, at last in the possession of your happy family and honorable promotion.

(Tableaux—Surrender of Lee.)

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 401 463 2